

JURASSIC 5

**CD**

STEREO  
STEREO  
STEREO

**JURASSIC-5**



# Jurassic 5 Lyrics

## "In The Flesh"

*[Chorus: repeat 2X]*

It's the J-U-R-A  
Capital S another S-I-C  
5 MC's in the flesh  
Bound to catch wreck  
Hit the deck  
Cause we'll pop the trunk  
Plus the tape on your cassette

I'm from the crew called Jurassic  
Stretch like elastic  
Live and on plastic  
Step and get that ass kicked  
From here to there  
MC's beware  
I represent that real ghetto urban warfare  
Ah yeah  
What you say when you see me in your town  
Bucking off some rounds  
Of that underground sound  
You need to open your eyes  
Realize and recognize  
Throw your hands in the air lick a shot for J5  
I'm all the way live  
I socialize with the wise  
Underprivileged spiritually deprived  
At times in the flesh  
Airwaves getting checked  
The vibe is energized by the way I spit my dialect

I be the brain cell buster  
Old school style kicking hustler  
That'll rush ya like a wrestler  
Elliot Ness ya  
Bow to my pressure  
Step to J5 you're getting played like Fester  
I be the ever handy  
Hard like rock candy  
Down with Mork and Mandy  
Won't date Sandy brown eyes  
Tale of the physical trait  
Intoxicated by the bomb as I start to sedate

Your mainframe  
All speaking on running this thang  
Five J's in the house and the styles to blame

*[Chorus]*

Cause it's the J-U-R-A  
Capital S another S-I-C  
5 MC's in the flesh  
Bound to catch wreck  
Hit the deck  
A prehistoric B-boy making beats in my cave

They call me 2-na  
As in Fish in sea  
Self efficiency  
That's my mission see  
Got me wishing we all  
Could've puffed a spliff first  
Shoot the giff first  
And 2-na Fish becomes a gift horse  
Look me in the mouth  
Tell me what you see  
No matter who I am  
I am you as you see me  
U is still Nity  
COM squared and shit  
I was put here to see if you came prepared and shit  
I'm red as shit  
My head is split from every crazy  
Lazy kid we thought was chill  
They was Swayze  
Soon as they got a taste  
Of what the U-N-I was like  
Their eyes was like BLAM  
From the surprise and fright

Now it's the vocal enhancement  
Vintage reigning rocks  
A hundred mines swing  
Dig a few chains of black gold  
Plus block the seven holes that froze  
A nigga soul and bust blood through his toes  
For acting like his shit was mega heavy weight  
But he couldn't escape  
The way we wet him down like it was watergate  
Infiltrate flavor crack skull and stone  
Rip through the carcass spit blood and bone  
For all those

Who feel their crews forever tight knitted  
When raps emitted  
Islamicly transmitted  
Is the brother a color  
Yes the color's darkly tinted  
No acts or gimmicks  
And when the bullets imprinted it's whipped  
It hibernates till it stretch the yellow tape  
For Mister Doc key is caliber career, yea  
With so many rhymes it can't a crew make me  
Rock for 32 times like John Wayne Gassey

You need to put your hands together  
Cause J5 is in the house  
Because we're guaranteed to keep it live  
When we kick the party vibe  
We came to catch wreck  
We got the fossilized flavor  
For you fools who slept  
And plus we got you sucka crews in check  
Now come correct Nu-Mark  
Hit 'em with the perfect blend  
Cause it "don't stop rockin till I say when"

J-U-R-A capital S  
Another S-I-C  
5 MC's in the flesh  
Bound to catch wreck  
Hit the deck  
Cause we'll pop the trunk  
Plus the tape on your cassette

Cause it's the J-U-R-A  
Capital S another S-I-C  
5 MC's in the flesh  
Bound to catch wreck  
Hit the deck  
Cause we'll pop the trunk  
Plus the tape on your cassette

# **Jurassic 5 Lyrics**

## **"Quality Control Part II"**

This is the highest quality pressing in the Industry.  
The entire album is manufactured in our own plant  
so we know what is happening from the very start  
to the second we mail the records to your listeners.

Naturally we want to sell the most albums possible,  
but we also believe it is of utmost importance to establish you  
and us together as producers of the highest quality product.

And obviously if the campaign proves successful,  
you will no doubt want to repeat with volume three at a later date.

We will be in contact with you in a few days.

In the meantime if you have any questions, please call us collect; Hollywood, California.

# Jurassic 5 Lyrics

## "Jayou"

Yeah, testing, testing, one two

Uhh, one

Press the panic button God

[all]

We be the crew, guess who, the Jayou

R-A-double-S, I-C, we're

in the place to be, it don't stop

We got the rhythm that makes your fingers

snap, crackle, pop pop, fizz fizz

We're known to give a show plus handle our biz-ness

Stress, we'll destroy

We're known to make noise as the original b-boys

in the flesh, greater to the depth

Creates the ill scenes when we manifest, yes

I feel the vibe

I feel the vibe too

Cause it's the butter from the crew

CAUSE WE ORIGINAL, WHO

Wanna tussle?

Flex for the muscle?

WHILE WE KICK THE STYLE THAT BUSTS YOUR BLOOD VESSLES

With the rhythm

The ninety-six stylism

PICK UP A PILL AND FEEL EM KILL EM WITH YOUR VOCALISM

Yeah, I shoot the gift puffin another cold spliff

Fools are coming quicker than Anna Nicole Smith

Malignant metaphors and ganja stay herbs

We conjugate verbs and constipate nerds LIKE YOU

I'm hear to end the conspiracy, fearlessly

So you can really see the real MC's AT HAND

I'm tuna fish on the stickshift

The eclectic hectic, desperate to set trip

And for the niggaz who feel, that they're 24-karat

Plus, the way you're livin get your undewater baptism

Believe it or not, it's the rugged and raw

Put a bullet in the head of four in Mount Rushmore

Yeah, release the beast from within, baptise gins

Keep company with friends that repel sin

I'm out to win ain't no pretendin, fuck the first amendment  
My speech was free, the day that my soul descended

*[all]*

Earthbound, we might sound various  
Some niggaz can rhyme, but they got no character  
So we preparin you for war, don't give up the fight  
You need to stand up for your rights

And grab a mic and get loose, produce the juice that keeps the head on  
collosion with the New World Order opposition  
Competition, none, there's only one in the universe  
that knows the final outcome

We got incarcerated minds, men women and enzymes  
Vibin off the rhymes sent from the di-vine ESSENCE  
PRESENCE EFFERVESENCE, not to be contested  
Some miss the message, GO AHEAD AND BLESS THIS

So don't mistake us for a crew that used to hit  
We on some underground certified Wild Style shit

*[all]*

We be the crew, guess who, and it'll be  
The Jayou, ninety-five A.D.

Be be causin ramifications, physicians  
sendin brothers on grammar vacations, if they don't listen  
Competition, bustin shots on people basin  
But we can delete constipation

*[all]*

Jurassic, 5, MC's  
And we got the cure for this rap disease  
So come on everybody let's all get down

Cause I'm down by law and I know my way around



# Jurassic 5 Lyrics

## "Lesson 6: The Lecture"

Edit.

OK, let's begin!

Compound: A substance composed of two or more elements chemically combined in definite proportions by weight.

Mixture: Two or more substances that are not chemically united, such as air.

Solution: A uniform mixture of varying proportions of a solvent and a solute.

For many of our students, this is the lesson you've been waiting for.

Lesson... Six.

Left channel.

Right channel.

Hydrogen, H, +1.

Sodium, Na, +1.

Magnesium, Mg, +2.

Aluminum, Al, +3.

Potassium, K, +1.

Calcium, Ca, +2.

Chromium, Cr, +2, three, six.

Any physical difficulty with a record, or a turntable, is taken care of.

Do you think that Led Zeppelin and Frank Sinatra would go together?

Edit.

No.

Combinations of music.

You're about to play a sole, 45 RPM recording,  
But the turntable is set at 33 and 1/3,  
And the record plays very slowly.

Let's pick up the tempo a bit, eh?

Now let us imagine you are in the middle of your Disk Jockey program.

This is the mark of a professional.



Yeah, if you could throw a couple...yeah uhuh..  
Right when he's playin' the drum...  
Let him play a couple' beats alone.

Eeeeuuh.

Uh!

Oh I'm sorry, I had the turntable at the wrong speed.

Listen!

Scratching -- The greatest thing on earth!

What do you do?  
What do you do?

Drop!

Chemical change: a change that alters the composition of the molecules of a substance. New substances with new properties are produced.

Drop.

From now until your next lesson, we want you to study carefully every section of lesson six, and to go back over Lesson 4.

Practice carefully, and you will be ready for the new techniques and new situations we will cover together in Lesson 5.

# Jurassic 5 Lyrics

## "Concrete Schoolyard"

Now I'm a say this one time boy and that's my word  
We rockin shots and not fire through the Hindenburg  
The contribution is clear  
You add water to bone  
And get the Jurassic 5 on the microphone  
Now if you like the tone  
And how the harmony's done  
And the sucka mc's die before they've begun  
Well I'd like to know if  
You've got the notion  
Cause we're number one  
I'm not trying to say my style is better than yours  
I'm just on some other shit  
I'm all about the beats and the lyrics  
So when you hear it you can feel it  
The vibe is energized by the presence of my spirit  
No interference we persevere  
The purpose is clear  
We're here to leave your ear hurtin severe  
You're lurking in fear  
Cause we take it back like robbin loxly  
Rockin from country sides to spots where hard rocks be  
I often wonder if these MC's even know how it feels  
To dedicate they whole life to this mic of steel  
Its not about the bills  
That's not keeping it real  
A lot of tight rappers out here ain't got no deals  
We appeal to the brothers with flow finesse  
Cause it's the 100 watt blood shot game of death  
Cause we're protected by the covenant of words and beats  
Rewind and feel the heat  
Recline and take a seat  
So ah...

*[Chorus:]*

Let's take you back to the concrete streets  
Original beats with real live mc's  
Playground tactics  
No rabbit in a hat tricks  
Just that classic  
Rap shit from Jurassic

*[2X]*

Now I walk from Tranzania  
Earthquake Transalvania  
And on my way I kicked a whole through the wall of China  
Just to get the right blend  
Cause its schizophrenic of the pathway to livin  
I fell into the deep end  
You shouldn't have told me  
The pyramids can hold me  
So now a contest is what you owe me  
Pull out your beats pull out your cuts  
Give us a mic, whatup  
And we goin tear shit up  
I'm on some old and forgotten  
Sun up to sun down  
Like picking cotton  
The nutty professor science droppin  
Rockin Robbin's hood  
From New York to Compton  
Me and my three sons  
Jabari, Shakir, and Kahsum

*[Chorus 2X]*

Hey, I'm 2na-Fish from U-N-I-T-Y  
Do or die  
Anti-illumaniti, why  
Do the liquid from my vocals  
Make the ghetto start swimming  
Forever winning I'm in it  
Like Medolark Lemon  
I get goose bumps  
When the baseline thumps  
A sucka MC freestyle  
He had mine for lunch  
Marc 7even get you open like an attach'  
Briefcase in this case  
The victor is no way  
Ah, ah the tool spinners  
Cooking the full dinner  
Killing the first born of lyrical Yul Brenner's  
When is it the academy  
Rattling your anatomy  
That'll be J 5 so kill all of your fake flattery  
That'll be the day  
When labels pay our way  
2na what you say  
when MC's come to play  
Man fe dead

Cause we take it back like Spinal Tap  
Preparing your intellect before your final nap  
So ah...

*[Chorus 2X]*

You got beef now watch how I settle it  
I'll fuck around and arrest your whole development  
I'm eloquent  
When it comes to digital display  
I'm ready for the world while you earl off the Tanqueray  
Tactics, my shits Jurassic 5  
Fingers of death while you exhale and inhale  
With a deep breath with my Chop-Sui style  
Cause I'm a lyrical chef  
I gets mines to the death  
Cause I be cookin  
From here to Brooklyn  
Your shits annoying like fat-ass Bookman  
On Good Times  
When I rhyme  
I hit the designated area  
I hope you got your shots cause this is lyrical malaria  
Spreading, beheading fools with the punishment  
I live in America but fuck this government  
A hundred and fifty times over silk with lead  
While y'all drink the similack  
My rhymes are breast-fed  
No artificial nipples  
I flip the real skills  
I thought I told you once  
I kick the lyrical windmills  
And backspin Benedict  
Strictly for my benefit  
I step on toes when I flow don't get offended  
Come and get with it  
Comprehended when I kick it  
I represent the real  
From the beginning to the end of it

# Jurassic 5 Lyrics

## "Action Satisfaction"

I see dead man grins  
Seven deadly sins  
Couldn't keep his mouth closed in the house of chins  
The all seeing eye that recognize the rap clones  
Plus possess the pin to crack the pyramid stone  
Its the call of the wild thats why my words rank high  
Drop the verse for nine planets  
That fell from the sky  
Do or die you and I get fly with rap expressions  
With the one two three four five

In the session with the lesson  
Cause in bass and treble we trust  
With the rebels orally ready in case we bust  
And write a power chord and if the place be plush  
We kick the old school like Julio Iglesias  
Tapes we push be straps with no safety catch  
We attack like a bullet till your face relax  
And think about it  
If you ain't got the class to flee  
Be mentally ready for jurass-catastrophy

Now its time for me to rise  
The lyric utilizer  
Down like fertilizer  
Quick to improvise  
A style that can surprise ya  
Your eyes is on the prize  
We can go line for line  
I ain't hard to find  
While we break your spine  
My mild style reclines  
I'm laid back  
All that talk you need to save that  
The payback is all the reason that I'm flexing  
The feds rocking like we x-men

*[Chorus: 2X]*

You say you want action satisfaction  
The brothers with the positive reaction  
The crew with style that's on top of the pile  
J5's gonna rock a long long while

We get set  
Who's up next to pull to a fast one  
Lyrically connect the dots and then I blast one  
Now who wants action satisfaction  
Lyrics remind you of bass I'm everlasting  
Casting plagues my styles crossing the switchblades  
My momma shoulda named me grace cause I'm amazingly  
Blazing with the fire and desire  
I'm world renowned I gets down to the wire

If any child of mine gets out a line boastin'  
My style of rhyme covers you like calamine lotion  
Lifted out like vine motion I spend time stroking  
You still drink a dime potion and dime boasting  
But now my rhymes open brims a spirituality  
We be giving power that you can share with your family  
Aerodynamically cutting through danger  
Ripping your narrow mentality nothing but flavor

*[Chorus 2X]*

The moral of my oral ammunition rendition  
2na fish on a Marc 7even collision  
We be forever keeping niggas on they P's and Q's  
And the B's who snooze leave diseased and bruised  
I see through your crews like an x-ray tube  
And gamma rayed your function  
Left you with assumption  
That we be the butter clique  
We smothered with the action satisfaction thats guaranteed to be jurassic

*[Chorus 2X]*

# **Jurassic 5 Lyrics**

## **"Sausage Gut"**

Yeah you're pickin up fat records.  
Go ahead you go pick them up fat boy.  
Pick em up, fatty, sausage gut.  
Go head fatso.  
You pick up a sausage sandwich for me pork rinder.  
Peasywease!



# Jurassic 5 Lyrics

## "Improvise"

Now I'ma say this once again open up your mind  
Shot heard around the world came from our fresh rhymes  
The contribution to showbiz, mixed with entertainment  
Resurrected rhymes, not the same old same  
Now if you like what we came with  
And you feel you can sang wit it  
Peep the verbal language and the way we arranged it  
Now entertainment to make the people applaud  
I'm not trying to say my style is better than yours

I'm from the graduating class of one-nine-eight-eight  
L.A. Unified School M A H  
A gangbanger from the streets taught me how to break  
In South Central L.A., ay yo, can you relate?

I'm Chali 2na  
The one who puff the buddha keep the Snapple in the cooler  
Used to go to junior high with Son Doola  
Old skoola - a permanent, element, in ya tournament  
Tellin it prevalent never delicate when we burnin it

Now from L.A. to the U.K. we attempt to rock a party  
The rhyme and the music you don't hear that no more hardly  
I can say it's partly, all our faults smarty  
J5'll bring you more than the shakin of a body

Ay yo a child is born but no state of mind  
But when I first heard it, put words to rhymes  
I went from hypercars, to powder blue All-Stars  
To hangin on monkey bars catchin spiders in jelly jars

*[Chorus: repeat 2X]*

So uh, let's take it back to the concrete streets  
Original beats with real live MC's  
Playground tactics, no rabbit-in-a-hat tricks  
Just that classic, rappin from Jurassic

I bring the noise plus the funk, entertainin like a dunk  
From a snotty-nosed prima donna millionaire punk  
But uh, I heard a hunch, that somebody might munch  
Cause J5 go together just like parties and spiked punch  
Your crew's captain crunch, and I'm the seven seas  
Bombin on MC's, crushin crews with ease

Brother please you know my steez is 100 degrees  
With no era bring it live like the Trio of Terror

Trio of Terror no mascara, at last your brass surpass pleasure  
We the last treasure set to entice the cash bearer  
Mask wearers who bite my reflection like glass mirrors  
Be trash pickers who need to consider the past clearer

Now what you thought was old and out of date  
We brought it back alive and changed the shape  
We put it on wax for those who think that  
The 5 we energize has been extinct

*[Chorus]*

We takin it back like battles in hallways and bathrooms  
And battles in the back of the classroom  
And in the bungalows game of death with flows  
Lunchtime rhymes you had to prove and show

Never the school type, couldn't pronounce the words right  
The class jester, I was flunkin every semester  
The summer hit, had it burnin in '86  
Class cuttin and runnin wit all the neighborhood derelicts

Within the concrete jungle (huh!) we remain humble  
Akil and Akir, bounce, flip and tumble  
Uh, we never fumble, break down or stumble  
Hot mumbo jumbo, just bring it when we rumble

We push it like the Daytona  
Fresh rhymes we blaze on yas  
Strictly from California old skool public diplomas  
We spittin from every corner we flippin it when we wanna  
Beneath the concrete be street word on ya

*[Chorus]*